

## ENTIRELY FRIENDLY.

["For that sort of criticism, which is entirely friendly and based upon a full belief in the soundness of their principles, Ministers ought to be grateful rather than not."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.]

WHEN with apt and easy pen,  
In a fancy-flowing phrase;  
We are tempted now and then  
Just to criticise your ways,  
Just to analyse your acts,  
Blaming strongly where we may,  
Don't misunderstand the facts—  
It's our friendly little way.

When we bring to light of day  
Little blemishes possess  
By such statesmen as hold sway  
—And you'll find 'em in the best—  
You can bet an even dollar  
We—politically—say,  
"Sir, your tie's above your collar!"  
It's our friendly little way.

When we scornfully insist  
On a duty left undone,  
On a chance you've somehow missed,  
On a cause you might have won;  
When we state your only plan  
Is our counsel to obey,  
Pray remember, if you can,  
It's our friendly little way.

When we heap you with abuse  
For your treatment of our foes,  
Which admits of no excuse,  
In our fierce and fearful prose,  
We allow you're all quite sound—  
Asleep—we add, but pray  
Our meaning don't confound—  
It's our friendly little way.

We may pooh-pooh your opinions  
In a stream of ridicule,  
And declare the King's dominions  
Are subjected to misrule;  
But we're only like the wight, Sir,  
Whom we meet with every day,  
He tells us how to write, Sir—  
It's his friendly little way.

## HYDE PARK AND THE FAIRY.

## III.—THE STORY OF THE ONE-EYED DUCK.

"STAND in a fairy ring and wish to hear the Story of the One-eyed Duck." That had been the advice of my little elf friend. Or had I imagined the whole thing—just an Autumn day-dream? "The fact is, old chap," I said, addressing myself severely, "you shouldn't take stout in the middle of the day. If you do you will feel sleepy, and, feeling sleepy, by a natural transition you will sleep in the Park, and then perchance to dream!"

Talking ducks—a fairy ring! I was growing quite scornful. The idea was so absurd; and to show how absurd it was I would look out for a ring and fulfil the imaginary instructions. Therefore I left the Serpentine and made for the grass.



*Professional Medicant.* "PLEASE GIMME TUPPENCE, LADY, TO BUY SOME BREAD."

*Little Girl.* "WHY, GRAN'MA, YOU GAVE THAT MAN SOME MONEY ONLY HALF AN HOUR AGO!"

*P. M. (taking in the situation).* "YES, MY LITTLE DEAR, BLESS YER! BUT I'M A TERRIBLE BREAD-WATER!"

"Dropped anything, Sir?" remarked an affable policeman, as I was bending intently over a faintly defined circle.

"No thanks—only looking out for a fairy ring."

The policeman favoured me with a prolonged stare, then moved off, to meditate, doubtless, upon what kind of jewellery a fairy ring might be.

"Please, wot's the toime?" screeched a small boy.

"Wish to hear the Story of the One-eyed Duck," I muttered to myself.

"Can't 'ear yer," said the urchin.

"Three o'clock, three o'clock!" I said rather irritably; then walked away feeling ashamed of my performance. "But, at any rate," I argued, "you've shown the futility of the wish, and corroborated the 'stout' theory."

By this time I had reached the Serpentine again, and was watching a white mist curl round the boat-house, when—

A queer, hoarse, croaky voice near by remarked suddenly, "The worst worm I'd tasted for a long time." I stared round, but there was no one near at hand to whom I could attach this astonishing gastronomic criticism. Then I looked down. Two ducks were standing gloomily at the water's edge. The reflections of one were suddenly dissipated by a piece of floating bread. Her friend gave an indignant quack, not having observed the morsel herself. Then I noticed she was blind of one eye.

"Heartfelt apologies, kind Fairy," I ejaculated, and sat down straightway on a seat close by to listen. The duck paid no attention to me; but I could understand perfectly what she said, as she quacked out to her companion a recent adventure in Hyde Park in which she had played a part, which certainly threw a new light upon London Life.

(To be continued.)

## LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

No. IV.—HERBERT WELLESLEY ROSSITER  
(Continued.)

MEN who make Empire should not speak: the rule  
Bears no exception at the present day.  
Those massive thoughts which, if transformed to deeds,  
Flutter the dovescotes of diplomacy,  
Make nations tremble, and can carve their way  
To fame and fortune on a stricken field—  
These thoughts, so great, so true, so numerous,  
Brook not the trammels of our native tongue.  
A man may think, "I'll plant the Union Jack  
Triumphant on the ramparts of the foe;  
Civilisation shall attend my steps;  
Progress shall be my handmaid; I will bring  
Plenty and peace where chaos was before."  
All this a man may think, but if he strives  
To utter what he thinks it's ten to one  
(It may be more, I am not skilled in odds)  
His tongue will trip him and his words will prove  
Traitors, and wheresoever gapes a hole,  
Seen by all men, avoidable and large,  
Into its depths his woful foot must plunge,  
Though all the world should warn and call him back.  
Of these was ROSSITER, the man of cheques.  
I saw him standing on the platform, flanked  
By listening peers: a Duke was on his right;  
Upon his left a monied Marquis shone;  
Two Earls, three Viscounts gilded the array,  
Barons and younger scions, Hons., were there,  
Strewed o'er the platform thick as autumn leaves.  
Rulers of Banks and princes of finance,  
Men at whose nod the giddy millions flew,  
Were ranged about him, and the hall was packed  
From door to dais, seats and gangways, too,  
Were crammed with sympathetic City men.  
And in his front, before a table, sat  
The keen reporters in a serried row,  
Their ears intent to hear his eloquence,  
Their pencils sharpened swift to write it down.  
They did not seem unkind; their look was bland,  
Much like the look of ordinary men.  
Their homes in Camberwell or Islington,  
Clapham or Balham, Battersea or Bow,  
Were cheerful homes; they lived industrious lives,  
Respected by their neighbours, went to church,  
And paid their rent, and brought their children up,  
And gave their wives the wherewithal to keep  
Wolves from the door and victuals on the board.  
Who could have thought they were so terrible  
That ROSSITER should fear them? Yet they turned  
His blood to water as they sat and wrote  
There in their devilish shorthand what he spoke.  
Words, words! Where were they? All the careful words  
That he had trimmed and polished for his use?  
Forgotten like a dream, and in their stead  
Danced in his brain a troop of flighty words,  
Wrong, but alluring, words that beckoned him,  
Saying, "Come, use me; I am what you seek."  
And this, or something like it, was his speech:—  
"Ahem—I never thought—at least, I did—  
But there, you know me—you have heard my name—  
Ahem"—(a voice, "Speak up!")—"It's jolly fine  
To say, 'speak up,' but let the gentleman,  
That is, if truly he's a gentleman,  
Which"—(interruption, mingled with applause)—  
"Well, if he wants to speak himself he can,  
Not now, but later"—(voices: "What about  
The Blacklock Syndicate?")—"The Syndicate

Was never better: ten per cent. it paid  
Last year—but, let me see, I meant to say  
Something—what was it?—ah, I recollect,  
Something about our mines in Turkestan."  
(Wild cheers, the audience shouting as one man.)  
"They're pretty good—eh? what?—there's nothing much  
The matter with the mines." (Applause.) "I say  
Those who foretold their ruin are but curs,  
Mean, whisky-soaking curs. I never mince  
My words." ("You don't.") "I know what's what"—  
("You do")—  
"And mean to have it all the time." ("Bravo!")  
"I don't think much of statesmen." ("Nor do we.")  
"They seem to wish to stamp our commerce out  
With silly theories of right and wrong.  
There's not a patriot amongst them all.  
I'm for the Union Jack"—("You are! you are!")—  
"The good old interest-bearing Union Jack,  
The flag of freedom and the badge of trade."  
(Immense applause, the audience rising up  
And singing "Rule Britannia.") "I'm the man  
To show—ahem—(he drank some water here)—  
What was I saying?—ah—I beg to move  
That we adopt the Board's report, and pass  
The balance-sheet which is attached thereto."  
With this he ended, and sat down and wiped  
His humid brow, and all the gathering  
Broke in a storm of loud applause, and men  
Yelled their approval, and the meeting seemed  
One mad confusion of concordant cheers.  
And the stout Duke who sat by ROSSITER  
Whispered, "Well done"; the Marquis and the Earls  
And all the Barons on the platform, too,  
Beamed their delight:—"You didn't tell them much,"  
Opined the Duke, "but what you said was more,  
Far more, than ample to confirm their faith."  
And I too went direct and bought a bull  
Of the Consolidated Turkestans,  
Thus proving that though eloquence is much,  
Money is more and ROSSITER is great. R. C. L.  
(To be continued.)

## APOSTROPHES!

No. I.—TO MY UMBRELLA.

HAIL! magic membrane spread o'er ribs of steel,  
Thy "points" are many, and with mute appeal  
They rouse the tend'rest feelings in my breast;  
To thee I turn, and turning I am blest.

Whence is this ecstasy of pure delight?  
Why do I hail thee morning, noon and night?

It is not merely that for many a month  
The gingham thief, who feareth not nor shunn'th  
To rob his neighbour, hath respected me,  
And, pilfering others, hath not pilfered thee.

It is not that, alike in rain or shine,  
Thou hast stood steadfastly a friend of mine,  
Casting thy segis o'er my cowering form,  
And shielding nobly from the biting storm.

No! but that once, what time the clouds had power  
To pelt the pavement with a passing shower,  
As in a dream, I sheltered ARABELLA  
Beneath thy glorious ribs, O grand umbrella!  
'Twas then, 'twas then, one simple word she said  
That would have roused me dying! Ah, sweet maid!  
It needeth no philosopher to guess  
That that same "simple word" was simply "yes."  
And thou art evermore a thing apart—  
A fairy form enshrined within my heart.



"ROUND THE WORLD AND HOME AGAIN!"

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## ODE TO A HUMORIST.

SEE where the Humorist lets fly  
His shafts of ready wit;  
Hear how his observations dry  
Make all with laughter split.  
The loud guffaw his mirth provokes,  
You wonder where he gets his jokes,  
You marvel at his sportive vein;  
While treasuring up his smartest jest  
(As yours) you let it off with zest  
Next morning in the train.

Where'er a sense of humour lurks  
He, hopeful to beguile,  
Is heard, extorting by his quirks  
A tributary smile.

The measured grin, the chuckle e'en,  
Assures him that the point is seen.  
With what applause you feed his fun  
As off the jest is lightly tost,  
And roar insanely at the most  
Exerciating pun.

To millions Life is little more  
Than three good meals a day,  
To him who asks you when a door  
Is not a door, a play  
On words. His livelihood depends  
On his good humour. Him his friends  
View as a man at whom to laugh.

A joke existence is to him,  
A ribald jest, a sport, a whim,  
A granary for "chaff."

Vain jest preserver, ponder well  
Thy period ultimate,  
When groans instead of giggles tell  
How serious is thy state!  
When fancy flags, when thou hast run  
Thy space of superficial fun.  
Thou poor, misguided Humorist!  
When thou art humorously "broke,"  
When thou hast got "beyond a joke,"  
No laughing matter is't.

## PROHIBITIONS TO NOVELISTS AND JOURNALISTS.

NEVER—(1) Talk of plovers' eggs at a sumptuous feast or county ball during the winter months;

(2) Allude to the KING as "He who was born Prince of Wales," because, as a matter of fact, His Majesty was not;

(3) Make mention of the Lord and Lady Mayoress of London. There is no Lord Mayoress of London, nor yet of Manchester, Birmingham, or Dublin;

(4) Talk of the New Cut. In aristocratic circles it is known as Lower Marsh;

(5) Describe a "ride" in a carriage or other vehicle. Some persons ride on horses, camels, elephants and donkeys. The illiterate ride on omnibuses, motor-cars, "trams," and costermongers' barrows;

(6) Rhapsodise on "cherry lips." Nobody's lips could possibly resemble cherries. It is only just, however, to state that gooseberry eyes and banana noses are fair comparisons;

(7) Discourse on "limpid water." "Limpid" means bright, and is the



Sentry (on the simultaneous approach of two persons). "WHO GOES THERE?—TWO WAYS AT ONCE!"

current term of advertising-mongers of filters. Otherwise it has no signification whatever;

(8) Say, in criticising a play, "The pit rose." The pit never rises, but sometimes it is content with standing room only;

(9) Allude to the "waning moon." No moon ever wanes. It merely waits for a turn of the earth;

(10) Be enthusiastic about the surge of the sea. The best sea serge is converted into yachting suits;

(11) Lightly refer to a coffin as a sarcophagus. A sarcophagus is not easily transferred by hearse labour;

(12) Say the audience rose as one man when many members of the fairer and stronger sex were present.

## NON EBUR NEQUE AUREUM.

No marble porticos adorn

My unpretentious dwelling.

On costly columns high upborne—

My neighbour's house I do not scorn

With pride unduly swelling.

I own no princely pedigrees,  
No income worth the mention,  
No host of clients' golden fees  
Bringing to support me at my ease,  
I draw no ample pension.

Yet humble though my house appear,  
The rich desire to get it;  
Since the Procession passes near,  
A fortune I may make next year—  
If I can only let it.

DURING AN INTERVIEW. — A leading actress, who is notably well "billed" all over town and country, observed to the interviewer: "Of course I can't get on without 'billing,' and," she added slyly, "a little 'cooing.' Do I use powder? Why, of course. What do you think? And, my dear Sir, I shall now depend on you—for the powder?—oh dear no—for the puff!"

NEW CAPITAL FOR SCOTLAND (Suggested by Lord Rosebery).—Harris-on-Tweed.

## THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

## X.—THE HENRY JAMES SECTION.

OCTOBER 1ST.—It superficially might have seemed that to answer Lady CHEVELEY's invitation to her daughter's wedding was a matter that would put no intolerable strain upon the faculties of discriminative volition. Yet the accident of foreign travel had brought about that this formal invitation, found on my return, constituted my first advertisement of even so much as VIVIEN CHEVELEY's engagement to M. le Conte RICHARD SANSJAMBES. The original question, simplified as it was by public knowledge of the fact that I regard all ceremonial functions with a polite abhorrence, had, accordingly, taken on a new complexity, involving considerations of a high sociologic interest; as, notably, whether, and, if at all, in what form, I should offer the lady my felicitations.

2ND, 3RD.—My obsession by these problems over a space of four-and-twenty hours was only partially relieved by contact with the *divertissements* of Piccadilly as I drove to the Prytaneum Club. To my hansom's temporary arrest, however, attributable to the stream of vehicles converging in a transverse sense at the corner of St. James's Street, I owed an interval of recrudescence of deliberation. During that so tense period I conscientiously—such is the force of confirmed habit—reviewed all the permissible methods—and scarce fewer than a round dozen of variants lay at that moment in my right breast-pocket—of addressing a woman-friend on the occasion of her betrothal. Always the equivocal detachment of an unrejected bachelor had for me the air of imparting to these crises, poignant enough in themselves, a touch of invidious dilemma. The delicate question why the felicitor himself—to hypothecate his eligibility—had not been a candidate for the lady's heart, a question answerable, on the lips of her friends, by a theory of self-depreciation, and, on those of her enemies, by one of indifference, remained—unless he chose, as one says, to "give himself away"—incapable of adequate solution.

4TH.—For myself, it is true, by way of a passable solace in this concupiscence predicament, there was my known prejudice, amounting almost, I am told, to a confessed morbidity, in favour of the celibate state. It was still, however, nevertheless, open to the contention of malice that I conceivably might have—whereas, in fact, I had *not*—submitted to the lady's charms, had they—as they apparently had *not*—been of a sufficiently overwhelming nature. But this, relatively, was, after all, a trivial embarrassment, mastered, on more occasions, already, than one, by a delicate subtlety of diction, in which I permit myself to take a pardonable pride.

5TH.—"My dear Miss VIVIEN," I, recalling the terms of a parallel correspondence, had written, "what brings to you, for whom I entertain a so profound regard, brings, to me also, an exquisite joy." And, again, alternatively, and in a phraseology more instinct with poetry and pith—"I, in your gladness, am myself glad." And, once more, with, I confess, a greater aloofness, yet, at the same time, positing, by implication, a plurality of suitors to select from:—"Quite indubitably enviable is the man on whom your choice has fallen."

6TH, 7TH.—But what complicated the situation and left me hesitant between these and, roughly, some nine other openings, was the reflection that, in point of fact, I had never set eyes on the Count, nor yet even heard—and with this my long absence from England must be charged—the lightest tale of him. Mightn't it be, after all, a marriage, purely, I asked myself, of convenience?—wealth, possibly, a title, certainly, exchanged for the asset of youthful bloom? Mightn't it be—and there was recorded precedent for this—that the man, being French, as one gathered, and calling himself by a foreign

title—a pretension, commonly, that invited scepticism—had exerted over her some Magic, or even, taking into account both his foreignness and his Counthood, as much as Two Magies? Or, again, most deplorable of all, mightn't he have acquired a hold upon her by secret knowledge of some skeleton, as the phrase is, in her private cupboard; an intrigue, let us daringly say, with a former butler, banished for that delinquency and harbouring vengeance against her house by the revelation of her complicity?

8TH.—But here I subconsciously reminded myself that the nicest adepts in abstract psychology may, if they do but sufficiently long address themselves to problems abnormally occult, become the prey of a diseased imagination. And by great good luck the forward movement of my hansom, now disembroiled from the traffic, which had thrown off something of its congestion, caused a current of air which allowed me, the glass being up, a saner purview of the question. "When I reach the Prytaneum, I'll," I said, "look the gentleman up in the *Almanach de Gotha*." This, in fact, had been among the motives, had been, I might even say, the dominating motive, of my visit to the Club.

9TH, 10TH.—That atmosphere of considered serenity which meets one at the very portals of the Prytaneum, and is of an efficacy so paramount for the allaying of neurotic disorders, had already relieved the tension of my introspective mood by the time that I had entered the *fumoir* and rung for cigarettes and mineral water. The greeting, familiarly curt, that reached me from an armchair near the fire, was traceable, it appeared, to GUY MALLABY. Here, I was glad to think, I had found a living supplement to the *Almanach*, for I remembered him to have been a friend, some had even said a blighted admirer, of VIVIEN CHEVELEY. He had married, whether for consolation or from pique, his cook; and I now noticed, in a glance that embraced him cursorily, that his girth had, since his marriage, increased by some four to six inches.

11TH.—It could scarce be more than a rude estimate, viewing the fact that I had no tape-measure about me, an adjunct that I from time to time have found serviceable in cases that apparently, called for mere psychologic diagnosis; nor, had I so had, am I convinced that I should, in this instance, have allowed myself the application of it. Simply I moved towards him, and, at the same time, yielding to the usage which a twelve-months absence requires, held out my hand. He took it with, as I thought, a certain surprise, quickly dissembled, but not, as I repeat, before I'd mentally remarked it.

12TH, 13TH.—At any other juncture I should have been closely tempted to pursue the train of inference suggested by this phenomenon; but just then, for the moment, I was preoccupied. Besides, anyhow, his initial observation proved his astonishment to be derived from a quite transparent, if not altogether venial, cause. "Been out of town," he asked, "for Christmas?" I confess that, though I had the good breeding not to betray it, this speech, the tone of which, under ordinary conditions, would not have affected me to the point of regarding it as a truancy beyond the prescribed bounds of gentlemanly casualness, caused me, having regard to the circumstance of my long absence, a calculable pain in my *amour propre*. Never so vividly had not merely the complexity, almost cosmic, of life in the Metropolis, its multiform interests and issues so exigently absorbing, but also the inconspicuousness of the vacuum created by the withdrawal of any single—in this case my own—personality, been forced upon my attention.

14TH, 15TH.—Here, again, at any other time, I should have found abundant matter for analysis; but the entrance of the waiter with my cigarettes and mineral water, one of the former of which I deliberately lighted, recalled me from this inviting diversion. By a natural process of reaction I become cognisant of the necessity, every moment more pressing, of composing an answer to MALLABY's question.

Scarce anything could have been easier than so to impregnate

my reply with the truth, whole and unadulterated, as to compel, on his side, an embarrassment which I, for one, should have viewed, in the retrospect, as regrettable. Yet, for a full three quarters of a minute, towards the latter half of which period it was evident that MALLABY conceived my memory to have strangely lapsed, the temptation possessed me to follow the course I have just indicated. But, in the issue—whether more from a desire to spare his feelings, or, at least as much, because the practice of *finesse*, even in conjunctions of negligible import, has had for me always a conquering fascination, I cannot determine—I, with a terseness sufficiently antiphonal to his own, replied:—"Yes. Monte Carlo."

16TH.—Then, from an apprehension that he might follow up his enquiries—for my travels had, in actual fact, been confined to Central Asia and the transit there and in an opposite sense—or invite a reciprocal curiosity, on my part, in regard to his Christmas, "By the way," I, as if by a natural continuity of thought, added, "who is this Count RICHARD SANSJAMBES that is to marry Miss CHEVELEY?" At the same time, not to appear too intrigued by the matter in question, I withdrew my cigarette from my mouth, flicked it lightly in air, and then abstractedly replaced it, less the ash.

O. S.

(To be continued.)

#### THE MERRY MOTORIST'S LAMENT.

If you desire to travel fast,  
A motor car is unsurpassed;  
Should you desire to travel far,  
Trust not too much a motor car.

And if you're bold enough to start,  
Take duplicates of every part:  
Two sparking plugs, and tremblers twain,  
But, chief, a double dose of brain.

For foes are many; and, of course,  
The worst of all's the brainless horse,  
Who fain would crush in malice blind  
This coming saviour of his kind.

And rules long made by custom's code  
For safer usage of the road  
Are broken with sublime disdain  
By muffs or masters of the rein.

And children, always out of school,  
Make it their one unfailing rule  
To dart from wheresoe'er they are  
To prance before a motor car.

For this remember: in a town  
The street's the only playground known,  
Where gambol, deaf to every noise,  
The town's whole strength of girls and boys.

And on each adult face is written  
The protest of the outraged Briton  
When, deeply shocked, he fails to find  
Oaths strong enough to ease his mind.



COULD MOTOR CARS TO BE LICENSED AND COMPELLED TO CARRY A DISTINGUISHING NUMBER?

See ambushed flocks of hostile sheep  
From every hedge prepared to leap:  
See every cow regard askance  
This last monstrosity from France!

See goats, ablaze with moral scorn,  
Rush butting with too bold a horn:  
See dogs, despairful of the age,  
Seized with a suicidal rage!

Ware, too, the Peeler: see him stand  
Sneaking at milestones, watch in hand,  
To swear your pace exceeded far  
The pace that 's lawful for a car;

That when before the Bench you come  
The Court may do a simple sum  
To prove a mile in minutes three  
More than twelve miles an hour must be!

Drivers may leave their horses' heads,  
Or sleep in carts instead of beds,  
Butchers may gallop through a town:  
But not on these will Justice frown.

No! only motorists inspire  
Justice with undiluted ire:  
For them alone she weights the  
scales,  
For them alone no plea avails.

These are the perils, these the woes,  
Only the motor-driver knows:  
For whom is writ, in earth and air,  
One single word, the word *Beware!*

"WITHDRAW! WITHDRAW!"—"It has so often been in withdrawals," said the *Times* of October 23, "that he (Sir REDVERS BULLER) has prided himself, when perhaps other men would not have withdrawn." Yes, quite true; and now Sir REDVERS has, on compulsion, withdrawn himself altogether, without having withdrawn anything that he said at the unfortunate banquet on October 10.



## THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

## No. II.—CORIOLANUS.

## An Election Tragedy.

ACT I.—SCENE—A street in Rome. The stage is filled with the usual crowd of idlers which never fails to assemble in any city when a victorious army is returning home from war. The crowd on this occasion is more than usually enthusiastic, since CORIOLANUS is one of the generals in command of the returning troops, and the accounts of his taking of Corioli in the war against the Volscians have fired the popular imagination.

On the outskirts of the crowd stand SICINIUS and BRUTUS, Tribunes of the People and prominent members of the Liberal Opposition. BRUTUS is a fat, rubicund man with a twinkling eye. SICINIUS is lean and saturnine. They note the demeanour of the people critically, considering its bearings upon the fortunes of the political party to which they both belong.

Brutus (turning to his companion with an amused smile). Humph! Looks bad for us, eh?

Sicinius (with a scowl). Bah! The war fever. It won't last.

Bru. It'll last long enough to make him Consul.

Sic. CORIOLANUS?

Bru. Yes. They'll elect him to a certainty.

Sic. (savagely). Not if I can prevent it.

Bru. (shrugging his shoulders). The Khaki vote, my dear fellow.

[The sound of a military band is heard in the distance playing a popular Jingo march.

Sic. (irritably). That infernal tune too!

Bru. The mob like it. We're not a musical nation. Here they come. Stand aside and watch the people cheer their favourite.

[SICINIUS and BRUTUS stand aside. The music grows louder and the procession begins to cross the stage with drums banging, colours flying and all the pomp of a military spectacle. The people cheer from time to time as some incompetent but popular officer rides by. BRUTUS watches the whole procession with the utmost good humour. SICINIUS turns impatiently away.

Sic. How long are they going to keep up this howling?

Bru. (laughing). They've hardly begun yet. Wait till CORIOLANUS appears, and you'll see what cheering is. (A distant roar of "CORIOLANUS!" "CORIOLANUS!" is heard off.) I told you so.

[The roar of cheering comes nearer until it rises to frantic enthusiasm as a fat, bumptious, red-faced man appears upon the stage riding in a chariot. He passes slowly

across the stage, and the whirlwind of applause passes with him and dies off gradually.

Sic. All that fuss over a third-rate General!

Bru. If you talk like that, my dear fellow, you'll certainly be mobbed.

Sic. The fools can't hear anything except their own shouting.

Bru. Aren't you rather hard on CORIOLANUS? He's not a genius, of course. None of our generals are. But he's a dashing officer.

Sic. Dashing! He's the worst tactician in the army. The Volscians laugh at him.

Bru. Well, you can't deny his courage. He's been wounded thirty times.

Sic. Then he ought to be cashiered. What business has a general to be wounded? He ought to keep out of range and direct operations.

Bru. (good humouredly). He took Corioli, anyhow.

Sic. Yes. The Volscians ran away, and so CORIOLANUS is a hero—with a title and the thanks of the Senate. The attack ought to have failed by all the rules of war. (Rhetorically.) And what a war! A nation in arms against a handful of farmers!

Bru. Hush, my dear fellow. You'll be heard if you don't take care.

Sic. (losing all sense of prudence, and almost screaming with Pro-Volsian fervour). Heard! So much the better. It is time that someone spoke out. I tell you that CORIOLANUS's generalship is perfectly contemptible, that his troops were guilty of outrages against women and children, and that . . .

[An ominous murmur arises from the crowd, whose attention has wandered now that the last of the procession has passed. Hearing the voice of SICINIUS raised in impassioned oratory, it has gathered round with the ready curiosity of crowds.

A Citizen. What's that he says about CORIOLANUS?

Another Citizen. Slandering the General, is he? Knock his ugly head off.

[The crowd begins to hustle SICINIUS.

BRUTUS tries to get him away.

Bru. Come away, my dear fellow. They're looking dangerous.

Sic. (furiously). I won't! I won't! (At the top of his voice.) Citizens! Hear what I have to say. (To BRUTUS again.) Let me go, BRUTUS.

Bru. (shrugging his shoulders). Very well. But don't expect me to back you up. I've no ambition for martyrdom.

[Disappears into the crowd.

Sic. Citizens! I tell you this has been an unjust war, a vile war. . . .

Crowd. Down with him! Down with the traitor! He's a Pro-Volsian! &c., &c.

[The crowd closes round SICINIUS, looking vicious.

Sic. (shouting). Back, there! I am SICINIUS, Tribune of the People, and my person is inviolable.

Crowd. We'll see about that. Tribunes be hanged! To the Tiber! Pro-Volsian!

[There is, however, a division of opinion among the crowd. The soberer portion feel obliged to defend the inviolability of a tribune, while the majority are bent on avenging the honour of the army. In the mêlée which follows SICINIUS is more or less severely knocked about. Just as things are getting serious, the inevitable Policeman saunters up.

Policeman. Now then, what's the matter there. Pass along! Pass along!

Crowd. He's a Pro-Volsian! Break his neck! To the Tiber!

Pol. (shouldering his way through the crowd imperturbably, and wrenching SICINIUS, sadly mauled, out of the hands of his tormentors). Hands off, there! You'll kill the man!

Crowd (taking up the cry). Kill him! Kill him!

[The crowd make another ugly rush in the direction of the wretched Tribune and his protector. The Policeman blows his whistle. A dozen constables run up from all sides; truncheons are drawn; there is a scrimmage, and the mob are driven off. The Policeman props SICINIUS in a sitting posture against a wall. Enter BRUTUS L. He strolls up and contemplates his friend dispassionately.

Bru. Close shave that, officer.

Pol. Yes, Sir. Friend of your's, Sir?

Bru. Yes. No bones broken, I suppose?

Pol. (feeling him over). Not this time, Sir.

Bru. That's lucky. My friend was expressing some opinions which happen to be not very popular with the people just now.

Pol. (with a twinkle in his eye). So I supposed, Sir.

Bru. It's just as well you turned up when you did. (Giving him money.) You can leave him to me now.

Pol. Very well, Sir. Thank you, Sir.

[Exit Policeman.

Bru. (to SICINIUS). You look pretty bad. Can you move, do you think?

Sic. (groaning). I feel as if there wasn't a whole bone in my body.

Bru. Poor fellow. I told you what would happen if you tried to hold a Stop-the-War meeting here to-day.

Sic. (sulkily). Well, you seem safe enough.

Bru. (cheerfully). I should think so. I'm not an absolute fool. If you'd seen me shouting "Down with the Volsians!" and "CORIOLANUS for ever!" ten minutes ago you wouldn't have known me.

Sic. You did that?



*Bru.* Of course I did. You don't want all the Pro-Volsians in this city trampled to death by the mob on the same day, do you? If you and I had both been killed, who would have led the Party?

*Sic. (faintly).* That's true.

[Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA, a popular and amiable member of the Conservative Party.]

*Menenius.* Hullo BRUTUS! SICINIUS too? Been making a speech to the League of Romans against Aggression and Militarism? (SICINIUS turns away his head impatiently.) By the way, how is the League? At the last meeting I heard that the speakers had to retire by a back door under the protection of the Police. (Looking at SICINIUS curiously.) On this occasion you really do seem to have been rather battered.

*Bru.* My dear MENENIUS, don't be brutal.

*Men.* He's not seriously hurt, is he?

*Bru.* No.

*Men. (shaking his head mournfully).* I was afraid not.

*Sic. (staggering painfully to his feet).* It's your Party who have done this! It's a plot, a plot to murder me!

*Men. (unruffled).* A plot? My dear SICINIUS, what an idea! My poor dear Party isn't capable of plotting. We're far too stupid.

*Sic. (with a snarl of rage).* It's a lie. You want to get me out of the way in order that CORIOLANUS may be Consul. But you'll fail. He'll never be Consul!

*Men. (easily).* That is for the people to decide.

*Sic.* I speak for the people. And I tell you they will never elect CORIOLANUS. Take me away, BRUTUS. Take me home.

[Exit, limping, and leaning on BRUTUS's arm. MENENIUS looks thoughtfully after them.]

(Curtain.) - ST. J. H.

### THE FORBIDDEN SCIENCE.

["It was dangerous, in his judgment, to study astronomy, for astronomy killed ambition."—Lord Rosebery at the Birmingham and Midland Institute.]

You in the future who will bear

Aloft trade banners and its pennants,

Who march its victories to share,

As captains and lieutenants,

Your armour don from head to feet—

Each modern and approved appliance,—

And add, your training to complete,

At least a smattering of science.

Only astronomy I bar,

The universe's contemplation,

Fly not in thought from star to star

(A useless occupation!)

Lest, blinded by the starry dust

That heaven's empyrean spangles,

You turn and eye with deep disgust

Earth's petty trade and party wrangles.



*Patient.* "WHAT WOULD YOU THINK OF A WARMER CLIMATE FOR ME, DOCTOR?"

*Doctor.* "GOOD HEAVENS, SIR, THAT'S JUST WHAT I AM TRYING TO SAVE YOU FROM!"

But keep your aims in modest bounds—

To making speeches after dinners,

The Premiership, to ride to hounds,

Or owning Derby winners;

These, if you learn to edge your wit

With seasonable erudition,

Will offer you, you'll all admit,

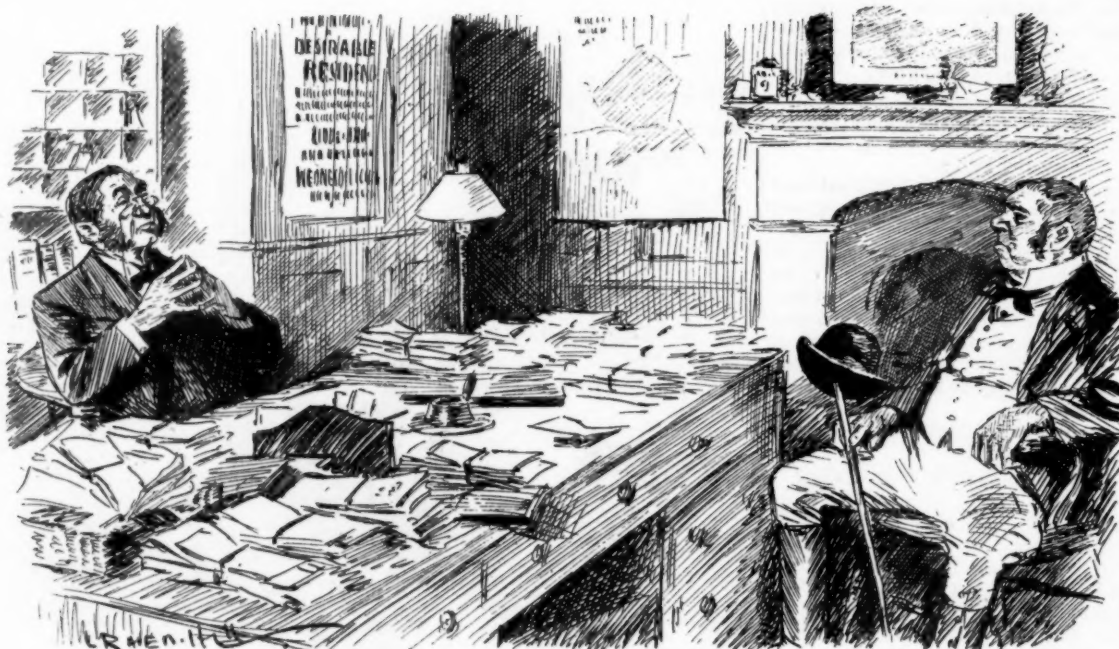
An ample scope for your ambition.

### MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.

"Biograph Record of Football Match."

We have here another interesting mediaeval survival in this exhibit, which dates from September, 1901. It throws a strong light on the behaviour of professionals and the manners of the crowd at this bygone period. The match in question was between the Hit-and-Punch Hooligans and the Win-Tie-or-Wranglers. There

are several exciting incidents to be noted, as when the goal-keeper is neatly "laid out" by four opponents, and the Hooligans' half-back bites off a Wrangler's nose—of course, only in play—and has his head battered in by way of friendly exchange. Mark also the spirited conduct of the bystanders in stoning a former idol now playing against the home team, and their prompt disapproval of the umpire's verdict in giving a "foul." Towards half-time he is being carried off the ground unconscious, and with a broken spine. No wonder such a stirring game should have been so popular among the more vigorous elements of the British democracy. It was essentially a sport, too, for lookers-on, and, as such, an excellent substitute for a bull-fight.



*Solicitor.* "NOW, AS A MATTER OF FACT, WHEN EXPRESSING YOUR OPINION OF YOUR OPPONENT, YOU DID USE A **LESTLE** STRONG LANGUAGE!"  
*Client.* "WELL, I DON'T KNOW AS I **FORGOT** ANYTHING!"

### WAR OFFICE REFORM.

(Further Regulations under consideration.)

1. The three consultative bodies, the War Office Council (afterwards called the W. O. C.), the Permanent Executive Committee (afterwards called the P. E. C.), and the Army Board (afterwards called the A. B.), shall meet when and where they please, so long as they assemble in June, not earlier than the 31st of that month, and October, not earlier than the 32nd of that month.

2. All matters of vital importance shall be decided on the 29th of February, when all the consultative bodies shall assemble in Room 4,789 for interchange of opinions.

3. When the Chairman of the W. O. C. is absent, the P. E. C. shall be presided over by the Deputy-Chairman of the A. B. and *vice versa*.

4. When the assistance of the P. E. C. is required by the W. O. C., nothing shall be done until the summoning of the A. B., when the matter under consideration shall be adjourned *sine die*.

5. The Chairman of the W. O. C., after a correspondence with the Deputy-Chairman of the P. E. C. and several lengthy interviews with the Secretary-Deputy-Assistant-Probationer of the A. B., shall bring before the notice of the Deputy Director-General of Ordnance, an officer of the Mobilisation Section of the Department of the Director-General of Military

Intelligence, the Deputy Accountant-General, and a couple of Assistant Accountant-Generals, any cases in which it appears there has been delay in connection with the completion of a subject.

6. A record of all proceedings will be kept by the Assistant Quartermaster-General, the Deputy Inspector-General of Fortifications (selected by the Inspector-General of Fortifications), the Assistant-Director of Contracts, the Permanent Under-Secretary of State, or, in his absence, the Assistant Under-Secretary of State, or, in the absence of all the above officials, away on leave, or for other special reasons, by Mr. TENTERFOR, temporary clerk.

7. All important questions will be brought before the various consultative bodies at times so arranged that Room 4,789 shall be available for the purpose, but also be equally at the service of those high officials who desire to use it as an apartment not accessible to the public, and consequently well adapted to private conversation with relatives and friends.

8. When an important question has been brought before the consultative bodies in the manner indicated, without prejudice to other arrangements hereafter to be considered, then the question shall be discussed with the Foreign Office, the Admiralty, and the Colonial Office (which will take the opinion thereon of the Crown Colonies), and the result shall be attained by the combined action of all the depart-

ments when the subject concerns more than one department.

9. The Secretary of the consultative bodies will carry out the necessary arrangements for preparing reports. Papers containing such reports will be marked in the first instance by the Secretary, and will eventually be closed for him by his great-great-grandson.

10. The War Office will be closed on public holidays, some part of the recess, a portion of the Session, and on other appropriate occasions.

11. The consultative bodies will meet either on Tuesdays and Fridays or Mondays and Wednesdays, or Thursdays and Saturdays, on such dates as may be fixed by the Deputy Director-General, Army Medical Department, or an officer of the Mobilisation Section of the Department of the Director-General of Military Intelligence, or the Deputy Accountant-General, or a couple of Assistant Accountant-Generals, or, in the absence of all the above officers on leave, or for other special purposes, by Mr. TENTERFOR, temporary clerk.

12. The constitution and duties of the W. O. C., the P. E. C., and the A. B. will remain as at present, subject to the following alteration, which has been approved by the Secretary of State, *viz.*, the Director-General, Army Medical Department (Lunacy Section), shall (when not otherwise occupied) be a consultative member.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—OCTOBER 30, 1901.



## A MEET IN A FOG.

LORD S.-L.-B.-R-Y (Master of the Cobnut Hounds, to Huntmen), "WELL, ARTHUR, WE CAN'T SEE AN INCH BEYOND OUR NOSES; BUT NOBODY CAN

SAFELY SAY WE HAVEN'T MET!"

[The dogs meeting of the Cobnut Hounds after the previous week's storm, and the death of the Cobnut.]



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## THE YOUNG NOVELIST'S GUIDE TO LAW.

**BARRISTER.** A favourite profession for a hero. He should be pale, clean-shaven, dark, and a cynical smile should play faintly round his lips. When not engaged in making brilliant and impassioned speeches in Court, the barrister devotes his time to giving tea-parties in his chambers. Occasionally he is interrupted by "clients"—i.e. by litigants. The fictionary barrister is always delighted to see them, and scorns to ask for the mediation of a mere solicitor. Beautiful young ladies in distress eagerly seek his advice. The villain has secured the services of at least five King's Counsel, but the hero-barrister and the young lady always win their case.

**BRIEF.** A mysterious thing out of which the barrister makes his fortune. In the case of the barrister-hero, the first brief often is brought to him by his fiancée, who carries it about with her in her pocket. It is never marked less than one hundred guineas, and two chapters after receiving it the hero takes silk.

**DETECTIVE.** A profession which once promised a good opening, but is now distinctly

overcrowded, especially since the firm of SHERLOCK and WATSON have turned their business over to an unlimited company. The detective force, for the novelist's purposes, may be classed under two heads: (1) the free-lance detective, who is phenomenally astute, (2) the official detective, who is incredibly idiotic. When a specimen of the latter class has found three false clues, made four bad blunders, and arrested half-a-dozen entirely innocent and respectable people, the free-lance detective may be brought on the scene. He, of course, will un-

ravel the whole mystery in a couple of pages.

**EVIDENCE.** Talk about things in general, and a convenient way of putting dull but necessary explanations before the reader. Having arranged for a trial of some sort in your story, you subpoena all the characters as witnesses. Perhaps you will begin with the bluff old Squire, and follow him with the comic rustic witness

to try next day, especially with one of the parties to the suit. So anxious to save trouble, that frequently he will undertake the duties of counsel for the plaintiff or defendant (according to the side the heroine is on) as well as his own. At the end of the book he will take off and wipe his gold-rimmed glasses, and address a few words of paternal advice to the bride and bridegroom.

**SOLICITOR.** Occasionally a bland and amiable gentleman, but more often a villain of the deepest dye.

**TRESPASS.** A dreadful crime, for which (in novels) people can be prosecuted and committed to prison on the shortest notice. At the same time, it may be perpetrated in all good faith, so that you may let one of your best characters be guilty of it by accident. Then he will promptly be handcuffed and led away from the heart-broken heroine, and your readers will weep like anything.

**WILL.** No legal document is so useful to the novelist as this. Be sure to remember that no one in your novel must make a will until they are at the point of death. Then "the family lawyer" is hastily summoned, and, after the will has been signed, it will be placed in one of the usual repositories for



HOW SIR JONATHAN D'OUTRE-MER DESIRED THE SOLE CONTROL OF THE LADY NICOTINE, AND CHALLENGED SIR JOHN DE BULL TO DO BATTLE FOR THIS CAUSE.

—always very popular. After this, amid a low murmur of repressed excitement, the fair young heroine will step into the box. "Madam," the Judge will say, "will you be so good as to favour us with your opinion in regard to this case?" And then in a voice low but clearly audible in every corner of the court, the heroine will talk for the rest of the chapter.

**JUDGE.** Usually a benevolent old gentleman who has gold-rimmed glasses and a heart several sizes too large for his profession. Is always glad to talk over in his own house a case which he will have

such documents, viz., in a secret drawer which no one knows of, in the coal-scuttle, which will be sold (with the will inside it) upon the testator's death, or in the breast-pocket of the nearest villain. In the first case, the heroine will accidentally touch the spring of the secret drawer ten years afterwards; in the second, a mysterious figure will appear to the hero at midnight, bidding him buy the coal-scuttle at any cost; in the third, the villain will subsequently die of remorse, and, in a chapter headed "At Last!" the long-sought-for document will reappear. A. C. D.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. ANDREW LANG has contributed *Alfred Tennyson* to Messrs. BLACKWOOD'S new series of *Modern English Writers*. "This brief sketch of the life of TENNYSON" he calls it, on the principle that it adds nothing new to man's knowledge of the theme. Mr. LANG is loftily indifferent to ordinary requirements for such a work. Common people may stoop to narrative and details. He soars aloft in sublime superiority. In the preface, he frankly tells the snubbed reader that he will find nothing in the book that may not be read at fuller length in the Biography of the second Lord TENNYSON dutifully laid on his father's tomb. "As to the Life," Mr. LANG writes, "doubtless current anecdotes not given in the Biography are known to me and [now this is condescending] to most people. But as they must also be familiar to the author of the Biography, I have not thought it desirable to give them. The work of the 'localizers' I have not read. The professed commentators I have not consulted." The result of this superfluous system is not such that my Baronite can conscientiously recommend it to writers of ordinary calibre. There is nothing new in the book, not even the long quotations from *Idylls of the King* and *In Memoriam*. Mr. LANG, having in the manner indicated barred himself out from the way of the vulgar biographer, and having 230 pages to fill up, has hit upon the device of discovering TENNYSON, explaining to the startled reader the story of the *Idylls*, *In Memoriam*, and some others, quoting passages therefrom, and illuminating them with critical remarks. This is very obliging. But as most of us have TENNYSON on our shelves, if not on the tip of our tongue, we prefer to go to the fountain head and drink as we desire. After all, there is something to be said for ancient ways.

An Occasional Critic in the employment of the Baron ventures to suggest that *The Lords of Life*, written by (presumably) Miss BESSIE DILL, and published by Mr. JOHN LONG (whose name he inadvertently omitted last week as publisher of *The Diva*), is not without its charm. The heroine's character undergoes formation during the course of 356 pages. In page 20 she—at the age of ten—shows traces of agnosticism, and in page 351 informs her first betrothed of her earlier flirtations. The Occasional Critic ventures to recommend *The Lords of Life* to the not too exacting novel-reader.

My Juniocest Baronitess says that, in her opinion, *The Octopus*, by FRANK NORRIS (GRANT RICHARDS), is a most interesting Californian story. It tells of the war that at one time raged between the wheat grower and the Railroad Trust. The principal characters are all well drawn; but the two that make most demand upon the reader's sympathies are, *Annixter* (proprietor of the Quien Sabe Rancho), and *Hilma Tree*, a dairy girl on *Annixter's* ranch. The love scene between these two is quite the prettiest part of the book. The last chapter, where *Behrham* (the representative of the Pacific and South-Western Railroad) meets his death, is dramatically effective. My Juniocest adds that, as a book of more than mere passing interest, it is worthy of, at least, a permanent place on the top shelf of a library.

*The Potter and the Clay* first saw the light in the United States, and was brought hither by Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON, who have a keen eye for a promising new writer. It is reported that the author, MAUD HOWARD PETERSON, is still in her teens. That is no particular business of the reader's, who simply wants a good book for his six shillings, even if he has eighteenpence taken off by way of discount. But the fact, if it be one, certainly increases the admiration compelled by a notable piece of work. Miss PETERSON, living in America, is evidently old enough to have visited Scotland, both on the East and West Coast. If she has not also been to India, she has a remarkable gift for assimilating information. Her picture of the plague-stricken barracks and village is

remarkably vivid. As to the moving story, it is hard to realise a man of *Robert Trevelyan's* proved courage deliberately malingering in order to escape the danger of leading a forlorn hope, a prize pressed upon his acceptance to the envy of his fellow officers. He confesses that he was suddenly transformed into a coward for very love. If he went forth he might (a) get shot; (b) death might ensue; (c) being a corpse, all hope of marrying *Cary* was lost. Q. E. D. But who shall say what mere man is not capable of when his actions are devised in the imagination of a woman. Probabilities apart, Miss PETERSON makes a fine study of the desperation and remorse of *Trevelyan*, of the unselfish heroism of *John Stewart*, and of the wavering affection of *Cary*, loved from childhood by both. For a first novel it is notable. My Baronite sees in it the promise of even more excellent things to follow.

For *Our Lady of Deliverance* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. JOHN OXENHAM has utilised the tragedy of DREYFUS, to whom the book is inscribed. It is, however, only the main fact of an officer in the French Army being falsely accused of treason that is borrowed. Mr. OXENHAM invents his own machinery for the vindication and triumph of the victim. It is a little crude, falling away from the workmanship of an excellent start. Oddly enough, he does not explain how the mad painter came to have sittings from Mademoiselle, why he turned up at the Château, or why, indeed, he came into the story at all. My Baronite recognises in the bulldog the best-drawn character in the book.

The Baron has just got through *The Real Christian*, by LUCAS CLEEVE (JOHN LONG), and has come out alive. *The Real Christian*—not the "ideal" you will understand, no, nor anything like it—is apparently a rather muddle-headed barrister who refuses to defend his client imprisoned on a charge of murder, because he happens to have been present when said prisoner talked and walked in his sleep, and in that state acted the crime he had committed just as did *Matthias* in the ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN story of *Le Juif Polonais*. This very unprofessional barrister, *Harold*, not "Skimpole" but *Trafford*, falls in love with a girl who by mistake marries somebody else; whereupon he becomes a Catholic priest, in which character, being even more dunder-headed than he was as a barrister, he wears the *soutane*, believes in nothing in particular, not much in himself, and dies suddenly "on the hillside outside" ("hillside outside" sounds odd, rather suggestive of "inside outside," some mysterious sort of complicated complaint) "a country town," where he is preaching to a crowd of "upturned faces." Only "faces," no bodies to speak of. This is the sort of person whom LUCAS CLEEVE sets before us as "*The Real Christian*." If we are to have law or theology in a novel, its author should first satisfy legal or qualified theological examiners as to his proficiency or soundness. But amateur law, or, what is more mischievous, amateur theology, ought to be entirely avoided.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

P.S.—With the prospect of Christmas before them, the publishers (RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS) have not forgotten to specially cater for the children. There is a "Painting Book," entitled *Father Tuck's "Little Artists" Series*, which will undoubtedly fill the heart of every child with joy. Moreover, it will prove a boon to parents, for it is calculated to keep the noisiest of children quiet for any length of time; and they will remember it in their pleasant dreams when Tuck 'd into their little beds.

"TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE;" OR, LORD ROSEBERY AND MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL ON "HARRIS TWEEDS,"—though his Lordship can hardly be styled "Tweedle-dumb." Pity that neither of them showed their proficiency as students of DICKENS by bringing in any allusion to *Betsy Prig*, who, as she didn't believe as there were no such a person as *Mrs. Harris*, couldn't have trusted the tweeds of that name.



## THE DIARY OF AN AUTHOR.

*Monday.*—Shouted first two chapters of *Melissa and the Madman* into phonograph during bath. Secretary read excerpts from half-a-dozen minor poets while dressing. Very inferior stuff. Dictated half column review. Was interviewed at breakfast by *Daily Diddler*. Polished off two hundred and fifty requests for autographs, and read my press cuttings. Public losing sight of me. Must do some-

fast. Sales of last book hanging fire. Will accept offer to recite a few chapters of it at Syndicate Music Hall. Also arrange for the tour in States to lecture on, "Why I am such a Genius." Accept invitation to open a bazaar. Send fifty copies of last romance, autographed, for sale at same. Decide to give away prizes Ditchwater College. Write a few letters to the papers about myself generally.

*Thursday.*—Finish article for *Literary Chat*: "What it feels like to be so

rich, flexible' baritone. Should be able to debate well. Must remember to look up Politics in *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Will make *Melissa and the Madman* a political novel.

*Saturday.*—Decide to go to Cape Town. A book on the war seems expected of me. Arrange to send letters to half a dozen papers. If this doesn't give my books a fillip I don't know what to do. At any rate I shall be able to give Lord KITCHENER a helping hand.



"THE GOSSIP OF POLITICAL GRAVE-DIGGERS."

*G-rge W-ndh-m, Prince of Denmark.* "NOW THEN, YOU TWO, NOT SO MUCH CHATTER DOWN THERE! WE WANT TO CONCENTRATE OUR THOUGHTS ON THE MILITARY PROBLEM!"

thing. Will consent to give my name to new kind of motor air-cycle. Ought to influence my sales in right direction.

*Tuesday.*—Was photographed in twenty-five capital positions. Wrote testimonials for typewriters, phonographs, moustache-curlers, and fountain pens. Man called from *Silly Bits* and photographed back garden. Another from some other magazine and snapped me in mountaineering costume, with cycle. Rather effective picture, I thought. Dictated "Boyhood Memories" for a Christmas Annual.

*Wednesday.*—Breathed patriotic poem into phonograph while waiting for break-

clever." Publisher's statement of accounts still far from satisfactory. Find I am only making bare £15,000 a year. Think seriously of going on the stage. Experience immense difficulty in keeping my name perpetually before public. Am to open new social club to-night. Will try and make a really ridiculous speech. I can be exceptionally foolish when I try. Intend to write two or three plays next week.

*Friday.*—After repeated refusals have at length agreed to stand for Parliament. M.P.—look well on title-page. Thanks to doing all my "literary" work *viva voce*, through megaphone, to secretaries, or into phonograph, have developed quite a

## WAITS—BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

At the first night at Her Majesty's Theatre on Thursday, there were signs of impatience in the gallery at the long waits between the Acts of *The Last of the Dandies*. This was a little unreasonable, as Mr. BEERBOHM TREE gave full notice of exceptional extension of the customary intervals. On the programmes it was expressly stated that "An interval of one day takes place between Acts II. and III., and of two years between Acts III. and IV." After all, it was not nearly as bad as that.

## THOMPSON ON "TINNED COW."

I.

TIN LIN CHOW was his proper name, but we called him "Tinned Cow," though he never much liked it, and said that his father, who was a Mandarin, or some such thing, would have made it hot for us if we had been in China. But we were at Merivale School in England, so we reckoned that "Tinned Cow" was near enough, that being good English anyway.

The chap was exactly the same colour as the stomach of "Corkey" Minor's guinea-pig; and his father was allowed to wear a gold button in his hat, so he said, that being a sign of a man who wrote books in China. He wrote Chinese books for a living, and when we asked "Tinned Cow" if his father could turn out stuff a patch on HENTY or MAYNE REID, he said much better. But he had to confess afterwards that his father was only doing a history of China in a hundred volumes, or some such muck; so evidently he was no real good, for all his gold button.

When the kid first came to learn English and get English ideas—owing to his father having convinced himself that Chinese customs were rotten—he rather gave himself airs, and seemed to think because he was somebody at Pekin he must be at Merivale; but the only person who made anything of him was the Doctor. He used to bring everything round to China—even arithmetic, and he evidently thought it was rather fine to have a Mandarin's son in the school. Especially as "Tinned Cow" had brothers coming on, who might follow. What a Mandarin is exactly, "Tinned Cow" didn't know himself; but he seemed to think they were about equal to Dukes, which must be rot, because Dukes can be Kings in time, whereas Mandarins can't be Emperors. In fact, the only Mandarins I ever heard of till then were oranges.

He was a frightful liar, but good as a maker of kites. And BROWNE, the classical master in the Third and Lower Fourth, said that both things were common to the Chinese character. For mere lies we had FOWLE and STEGGLES, and others, even better than "Tinned Cow," because his knowledge of English wasn't up to lying without being found out for some terms; but at kites he could smash anybody. His kites, in fact, were corkers, and he taught us to kite-flight, which is not bad sport when there's nothing better on. Chinese kites are very light, and all made of tissue-paper and cane, or bamboo, split up fine. For a cane, "Tinned Cow" had the beautiful check to go into Doctor DUNSTAN's study, when he was reading prayers in the chapel, and rout about in the cane-corner and steal a good specimen, and hide it in the gym. That was the first thing that made me like the kid. But he said it was nothing, and seemed surprised that I thought much of it. He also said that over the pictures in a huge *Shakespeare* the Doctor had, was tissue-paper of such a choice kind that it must undoubtedly be Chinese, and that, if so, it was the best in the world for kites. He said that if I would allow him to be my chum, he would get several sheets of this paper in a quiet moment, and make me the best kite he had yet made. Well, I never guessed then what a Chinese kid really is in the way of being a worm, so I agreed, provided he made two kites and put my initials on them in silver paper from a packet of cigarettes—the initials, of course, being J. H. T. They stand for JOHN HENNING THOMPSON—merely THOMPSON now, but THOMPSON Major next term, when my young brother comes to Merivale.

The chap was so frightfully keen to become my chum (my being captain of the second footer eleven) that he agreed to the two kites without a murmur, and stole the tissue-paper and used the cane for the framework. So, rather curiously, the tissue-paper from a swaggy *Shakespeare* and a bit of one of old DUNSTAN's canes soared up to a frightful height over the school; and it happened that the Doctor saw it, and, little dreaming of the materials, patted "Tinned Cow" on the head, and greatly praised him, and said that the art of kite-flying in China was

tremendously ancient, and that in the matter of kites, as well as many other more important things, China had instructed the world. Yet, when FULLER tried to sneak a quill pen for a private purpose, believing the Doctor was not in the study at the time, whereas he had merely gone behind a screen to find a book, FULLER got five hundred lines and the Eighth Commandment to translate into Latin and Greek, and French and German. Which shows that to be found out is its own punishment, as STEGGLES told FULLER afterwards.

Well, I let "Tinned Cow" be my chum, and found him fairly decent, considering he was a heathen, for two terms. Then he began to settle down and learn English and football, and say that Merivale was better by long chalks than China. In fact, he rather hated China really, and said, except for toys and sweets and fireworks, that England was really better. I may mention that his feet were small, but not like pictures, and he said that only wretched girls had their feet squashed in his country. He had a sister whose feet were squashed, and he said that she was pretty, which must have been rot; but he had to admit that English girls were prettier, because MATHERS made him, and said that he'd tattoo a lion and unicorn on the middle of his chest if he didn't. So he yielded; in fact, he always yielded very readily to force, though I often tried to arrange a fight for him. He had no idea even of doubling a decent fist, and said that only wild beasts fight without proper weapons. But once he took on BRAY with single-sticks, and they chose a half-holiday and went into the wood by the cricket-ground and fought well for two hours and a half; and a bruise on a Chinese skin is very interesting to see. BRAY turned yellow, then blue, that deepened to black on the fourth day; but "Tinned Cow," from the usual putty-like tint of his body, went lead-colour where BRAY whacked his arm and leg. And "Tinned Cow's" bravery surprised me; but it was a draw, and he assured me that he didn't care a bit about being alive, and would have gone on hammering and being hammered until BRAY had killed him if necessary. He said that in his country, when two chaps are going to fight, they begin by cutting frightful attitudes, and standing in rum and awful positions, and sticking out their muscles and making faces, like Ajax defying the lightning in SMITH'S *Dictionary of Antiquities*. This the idiots do, each hoping to terrify the other chap, and funk him, and so defeat him without striking a blow. "Tinned Cow" said that most battles were settled in this way; and once, when MARTIN Minimus called him a yellow weasel, he puffed out his cheeks and frowned, as well as you can without eyebrows, and crooked his hands like a bird's claws and tried to horrify MARTIN Minimus, which he did; but it was young MARTIN's first term, and the kid was barely eight years old.

Now I come to that little brute MILLY DUNSTAN, the Doctor's youngest daughter. She didn't care much about "Tinned Cow" at first, for she always takes about three terms to see what a new chap's like; but after the Mandarin in China had sent Doctor DUNSTAN a gift of some rusty armour and screens and old religious books—more like window-blinds than decent books—and a live Chinese dog with a tongue like as if it had been licking ink, then MILLY, who's the greediest little hateful wretch, even for a girl, I ever saw, suddenly dropped MATHERS, whose father was merely a lawyer, and began to encourage "Tinned Cow" like anything. He didn't understand her character as I and a few other chaps did. TOMKINS and MATHERS and FORDYCE knew her real nature, because she had pretty well absorbed all their pocket money for term after term; and so I told "Tinned Cow" that her blue eyes and curls and ways generally were simply a white-washed sepulchre, and certainly wouldn't last longer than a hamper from Pekin; which, I told him, he'd jolly soon find out. But there's nothing so obstinate as the Chinese nation; and if she'd asked him for his pigtail, I believe "Tinned Cow" would have chopped it off for her, though he would not have dared to return home to his own country after that till he'd grown a new one.

It seemed rather a horrid thing, MATHERS said, for a Christian girl to encourage a chap the colour of parsnips, not to mention his eyes, which were like button-holes: but that was only because MILLY had chucked MATHERS; and we all knew what she really was; and, as YATES said, she'd have sacrificed her whole family for a new sort of lemon drop; and of course when "Tinned Cow" found out how mad she was after sweets, he wrote to China, to his mother, for the best sweets in Pekin; which she sent. But while he was waiting for them, the Chinese dog got homesick or something, and bit the boot-boy and was poisoned painlessly. Still, MILLY stuck to "Tinned Cow," and walked openly about the playing fields on match-days with him. And people said it was just like Doctor DUNSTAN's dear little girl to encourage a poor, lonely, foreign kid; but we knew what she was waiting for well enough.

In fact, "Tinned Cow" had translated part of his letter home to me. It was in Chinese characters, and went down the paper instead of along, and looked as if you'd dipped a grasshopper in ink and then put him out to dry. But his mother evidently understood, and sent such sweets as were never before sucked in England—since the Christian era very likely. And "Tinned Cow" had also asked for one of his mother's rings for MILLY; but this he didn't much expect her to send; and she didn't. So he bought MILLY a ring from a proper ring-shop with three weeks' pocket money; which, seeing that he had the huge sum of ten bob a week, amounted to thirty shillings, and it had a real precious stone in it, though no one exactly knew what.

Anyway, MILLY wore it at chapel, and flashed it at "Tinned Cow" when the Doctor had his back turned saying the Litany. And MATHERS said the flash of it was like a knife in his heart. Which shows what a footling ass MATHERS was over this wretched girl. I warned "Tinned Cow," all the same, that he'd simply chucked thirty bob away; because she'd change again the moment his Chinese sweets were finished. And she never gave back presents when she changed; as MILLBROOK had found to his cost, being an awfully rich chap, who gave her a bracelet that cost three pounds ten. And when she threw him over and wouldn't give it up, MILLBROOK, who was certainly rich but a frightful hound, went to the Doctor. So he got his bracelet and left soon afterwards; and MILLY, much to her horror, was sent to a boarding school for a term or two. But then old DUNSTAN, who is simply an infant in MILLY's hands, gave way and let her come home again because she cried over a letter and splashed it with tears, or, more likely, common water, and told him that nobody in the world could teach her Greek but him. Which shows

the cunningness of her. And many such-like things she did, of which I will tell you later.

E. P.

(To be continued.)

## DOMESTIC ECONOMIES.

MISS SNIPPET.

"I CAN'T think why I go on paying that wretched little dressmaker half-a-crown a day to give me a figure like this," said GWENDOLEN, regarding herself ruefully in the over-mantel mirror. "I'm a cross between RICHARD THE THIRD and the scarecrow."

"Darling, you look nice in anything."

"Oh, rubbish! Really, it's quite pre-

## ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so seldom finds an Artist who realises the poetic conception.)



"LEST WE FORGET."

Rudyard Kipling

posterous. Let me see. She's been here a week. That's six half-crowns. How many pounds is that, JACK?"

"Six half-crowns?" I prepared to tackle the problem.

"Oh, well, never mind! Anyway, it's far too much money to waste on Miss SNIPPET, besides food and—and things. And you know you don't like having her in the house."

"Well, I confess I shouldn't mind getting back to my study."

"I knew she was getting on your nerves. You were perfectly horrid at luncheon."

"My dear, when the same face appears every day at every meal—when it isn't yours, that is to say—"

"Well, you shan't have it any more, dear. I'm going to give up the SNIPPET thing, and make my dresses myself. It'll

save—oh, pounds and pounds, JACK! And then we'll be able to get that sweet little Chippendale book-case we saw the other day in Wardour Street."

Bent on her policy of peace, retrenchment and reform, GWENDOLEN proposed that very evening that we should run up to town next day and purchase the raw material for the experiment. A long afternoon was spent in the purlieus of Piccadilly. Hitherto we had patronised Oxford Street, but, as GWENDOLEN pointed out, we could now afford the most expensive stuffs, as it was the making that cost, and that was to cost nothing. So many purchases were made that we lost our last train home. That, however, mattered the less as I wanted to see the new piece at the Lyceum, which I thought might give me some ideas for the tragedy I was writing; and as we had half-an-hour to put in before dinner, we strolled along to Wardour Street to have another look at the book-case.

GWENDOLEN eyed it longingly. "Oh, JACK! Think of our Aldines in those shelves!"

"Yes, and the Elzevirs!"

"Wouldn't it just make the study?"

"It most certainly would."

"How many half-crowns are there in thirty pounds?"

I took out a piece of paper, and was preparing to multiply by twenty, twelve and four, when suddenly I felt GWENDOLEN clutch me nervously by the arm.

"JACK!" she whispered. "He's asking about it!"

"Who, dear?"

"That man."

I looked round. Whilst I had been deep in my calculation, a customer had entered the shop. Not a moment was to be lost. Quick as thought, GWENDOLEN drew her hand from my arm and followed him. A minute later, the book-case was ours.

As we discussed a little supper after the play that night, GWENDOLEN suddenly turned on me indignant. "JACK," she said, "you're thinking!"

"My dear," I protested.

"Don't try to deny it! You know I don't allow it at meals. Now, what was it all about?"

"Well," I admitted, "I believe I was thinking in a hazy sort of way what a blessing it is to have an economical wife."

GWENDOLEN smiled.

"We've had a day in town, an excellent dinner, stalls at the theatre, a capital supper—"

"And the book-case—"

"Yes, to be sure; and as far as I can make out it all costs us less than nothing."

"Of course it does. It will all be saved out of Miss SNIPPET; and you shall see I'm going to be dressed far better than ever."

(To be continued.)



**"THE SITE OF THE ALBERT HALL."**

(A Suggestion for an Epilogue to "The Last of the Dandies.")

SCENE—A room, subsequently demolished to make way for the Horticultural Gardens. TIME—earlier half of the nineteenth century. The Count discovered slumbering in the costume of the period.

Count (speaking in his sleep, after recovering from a trance). I think I have fairly caught the local colouring! Yes, yes! the local colouring.

Shade of Toll-Keeper (appearing). Haven't you forgotten me? I who used to live in the Turnpike House at the top of Hyde Park Gate South?

Count. To be sure, Hyde Park Gate South, the home of COPE the Elder, COOKE, the seapainter, and THACKERAY's and POLICEMAN X's friend, "A BECKETT the Beak." Yes, yes, yes!

Shade of Sojourner (following suit). And couldn't you have said something prophetically about my taking Gore House and turning it into a cheap restaurant?

Count. Certainly. You did very well, and covered the walls with caricatures by GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Shade of Paxton. And if you were to foretell the immediate future, why not refer to the Crystal Palace of 1851 built opposite?

Count. Why, yes—the same period as the *chef* of the Reform Club. Yes, yes! The Crystal Palace of 1851—suggested by the glass at Chatsworth.

Shade of Cook. And a little later you might have produced a plan of the Hippodrome, now occupied by De Vere Gardens.

Count. Quite so. A very different sort of institution to the one near Leicester Square. Ah, yes—I remember, I remember!

Shade of a Burglar. And, guv'nor, 'ow about Jennings's Buildings? Within 'ail of Gore 'Ouse—veren't they?

Count. You are right. I remember, the worst rookery in Suburban London. A couple of Peelers were afraid to walk through it unless accompanied by a third.

Shade of Pre-Crimean Cavalryman. And our barracks? Don't you remember them, Gen'lal? At the entrance of Kensington Gardens?

Count. Over the way? Yes, over the way!

Shade of a Pig. And don't you call to mind my grunts?

Count. To be sure! You used to live in

a sty in a narrow alley, a few yards from Lady BLESSINGTON's, called either Park or Gore Lane.

Shade of N. the Third. And pray, why was I not allowed to have a speaking part?

Count. Oh, Sire, we couldn't get in everybody. Surely Sir EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON and Mr. DISRAELI were sufficiently near to modern times to satisfy a modern audience; and, remember, when you lived in King Street, St. James's, and turned out as a special, you were only an Imperial



**EVIDENT ERROR.**

OUR ARTIST INFORMS US THAT HE MEANS THIS PICTURE TO REPRESENT A "MISTRESS ENGAGING PLAIN COOK," AND THEN, OF COURSE, FOLLOWED SOME AMUSING DIALOGUE, WHICH WE OMIT, IT BEING PERFECTLY CLEAR TO EVERY ONE THAT THE TITLE OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN

**PLAIN MISTRESS ENGAGING COOK.**

WE DOUBT, TAKING EVERYTHING INTO CONSIDERATION, WHETHER SHE IS AT ALL LIKELY TO OBTAIN THE SITUATION.

Highness by courtesy. And, Sire, you were specially referred to in the last Act.

All the Shades (in chorus). Again we demand, why are we omitted?

Count (confused). Really, really, the last of the dandies can't be bullied in this fashion! I refer you to Mr. FITCH. (Waking.) Ah, a vision! But still, I think we might work 'em in. Although I have got the atmosphere pretty right, I think they would make the *ensemble* more complete.

All the Shades (in chorus, heard without). Much, much more complete! [Curtain.

**DE PRO-FUND-IS.**

School Room  
(with I eye on STOGGINS,  
our Form-master.)

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE,—Ass other people are rasing Funds for Soldiers' Camferts for those at the Frunt we thought weed get up a Fund, two. It is corled the "Fellers Feeld Force Fund," and, altho your not strictly speaking one of the Fellers, there woodnt be enny objection to you sending us a subskription.

Well, weeve dun pretty well up to now, collekcting. Last week I collekctid ROBINSON Major's new winter socks, six pares, witch he hassent even mist yet; then BLINKER collerd the gardiner's old trousers, witch heed quite dun with; and wen old STOGGINS confish-caketed a box of siggerettes he saw SMITH Minor playing with, I waited till STOGGINS had left the desk and then a-next them for the Fund.

BLINKER's own contribution is a cricket batt with brokin handel, and sum stumse—he wood have sent a borl ass well, but thinks he mite want it himself next season.

Young FATTY BOWDEN sends a Bathing costume witch has srunk so mutch he carnt get into it. SIMMONS (the wun who squince), sum sented note paper witch he took from his sister's desk. Me, the M.S. of an original melon-Dramer with the Offersers mite like to akt at Xmas time.

Weeve orlso collekctid old STOGGINS's great coat, he canot possbly want it, ass he never goes outside in the winter, and it wood be a reel cumfert for enny Sentry on a cold night. In this matter STOGGINS is doing a good deed without knowing it.

You mite send a hamper of apples and pares ass well ass a small doughnation in tin. BLINKER sends love.

Your affeckshunt  
nephew, MAX.

P.S.—Jest as I close this theres an orfle row becos wun of the littel fellers carnt come inter the Class Room to "Absence" Call, ass weeve collekctid orl his niekkerbockers for the Soldiers' Cumferts Fund—he hassent enny trowsers—and old STOG thretens to keep us orl in next harf holiday. Everywun looks gluemy; even our brave Difenders will suffer, ass we shall doutless have to return the niekkerbockers.